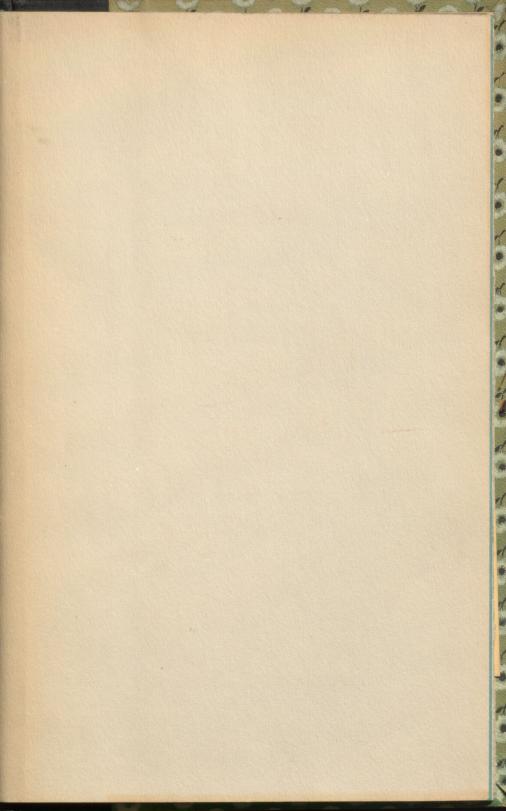
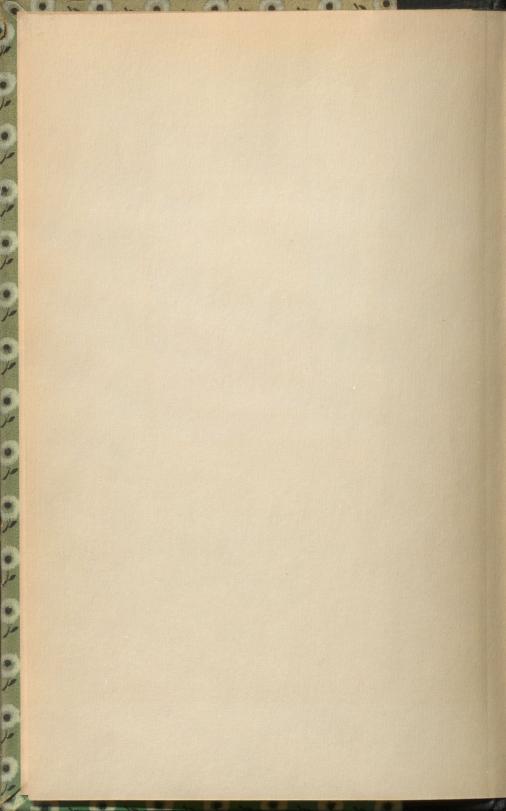


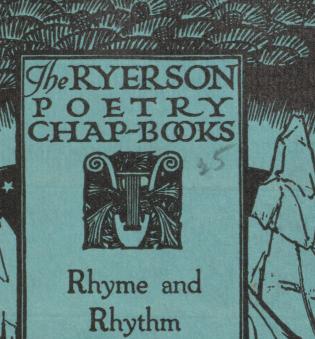
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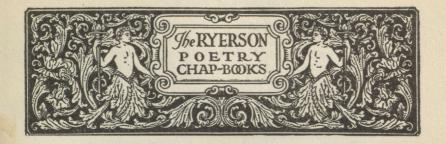
By SISTER MAURA

This is Chap-Book Number Sixty

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This is a first collection of fugitive poems by Sister Maura, of Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Sister Maura's poems have appeared from time to time in such periodicals as The Commonwealth, New York; The Poetry Review, London; The Catholic World, New York.



Rhyme and Rhythm

By Sister Maura

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THE BLESSING OF ST. FRANCIS

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."

SEVEN times the centiple wheels of life have whirled Since Francis in his brave abandonment Committed his young way to a free world And the great hand of God; above him bent The pitying sky; he saw in the sun and moon And the light of stars, the smile of God, and heard His voice in the music of the sea, the croon Of the wilful wind, and the joyous lilt of a bird: He loved in every soul drawing human breath The Spirit of the Maker, Whose best peace Followed his shining steps to the bourne of death And filled the orbit of his life's increase. Trust, mercy, peace—all those who love him will Know in their lives his triple blessing still.

SHAKESPEARE

That flow through morning meadows, every flower That jewels English earth, the lore that's told By country hearths, the greenwood's magic power, And all warm kinship with the clay of life—This, and a finer spirit made the man Who saw with understanding eyes the strife And splendour of the spacious court, the span Of wide-encircling, rich humanity. The glamour of adventure in new lands, The glory of achievement on the sea, The woven gramarye of makers' hands; He loved and suffered, and he wrote the whole In living letters on a deathless scroll.

* * *

STARS AND THE POETS

WHEN earth was in its childhood and the stars
Together sang in the young morning skies,
The first of all the poets opened eyes
Of loving wonder on them. Nothing mars
That age-old harmony; without scars
Have poets loved the lights that twinkling rise,
And in the stars, Dante, with sorrow wise,
Opened for men a heaven's golden bars.

O lovely lights! Makers of your own brightness! Illumers of a darker world that swings Pendent perpetually upon your lightness! In all this universe of human things, Touched with the fire of energy divine, Most like to you the souls of poets shine.

DONEGAL CASTLE

SUNLIGHT and shadow, and the pulsing tide
Of human joy and sorrow, wavering still,
Drift by a castle on an Irish hill
That wears a coronal of princely pride,
And watches through the centuries beside
The glens where noble-hearted Columbcille,—
Wise, tender, strong,—lived happily until
The joyance of his life was crucified;
Then, out of bitterness and torturing pain,
He built an edifice of deathless gain
In the souls of men. The mellow harp they heard
And golden voice bid evil to depart.
His living word, still, like a singing bird,
Wings its own way into the human heart.

for for for

AUTHORITY

AUTHORITY is lonely. It is no more
To welcome friends in careless comradery,
But always live apart; never to be
Free wanderer on the hills and by the shore
But ever bound in time and service for
Others' well-being, and perpetually
To bear, with an unfaltering charity,
The weight of souls that Christ the Master bore;
Yet, it is to possess the splendid peace
Of sunset and the hope that crowns the dawn;
To share God's universal fatherhood
And hold its own, to vital joy's increase,
A baby's dimpling laughter and the wan,
Frail grace of wisdom that is age's good.

THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL

THERE is a world upon a crested hill,
Encircled by the far variety
Of beautifully changing sky and free,
Near, friendly winds that blow their airy fill
And sink to quiet; sequent seasons still
Weave a new, lovely vesture silently
Upon the slopes whose crown of masonry
Stands strong and tranquil as a steadfast will.

Life moves to happy music in this world
Of eager youth: its skies are rosy bright;
Its days give promise to the years to be
But love the present, where, with brave wings furled,
Clear souls may walk rejoicing in that Light
Whose splendour dawned in lake-blue Galilee.

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DRESS

WHO can dress at dawn in an opal gown
And wear like a scarf the fragrant air;
Who be clothed at noon in limpid blue
With a lambent gem in her hair;
Who can deck herself, when evening comes,
In cloudy textured cloth of gold,
And wear at night the starshine bright
In a purple velvet's fold?
Who but I
Who am the sky?

LYRIC PASSION

WHAT do I care for kisses?
I kissed your heart as it bled,
And in my life is woven
That glowing crimson thread;
I have moments to remember
Till my last set of sun,
And love that will be living
After time is done.

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DEIRDRE'S SONG AT SUNRISE

HAIL to thee, beautiful, mighty, and golden!
Rise in thy splendour and gladden the earth;
Banish the darkness, all good things embolden;
Shine, O life-giver, that joy may have birth.

Hail to thee, mighty and golden, Lord of the days new and olden, Shine, that our joy may have birth.

Winter lies slain by thy gold-gleaming arrows; Far hast thou driven his coldness and dearth. Hail to thee, victor whose peace no foe harrows! Shine on in splendour and gladden the earth.

Shine on, O mighty and golden, Lord of the days new and olden, Shine on and gladden the earth.

THE REMEMBERED DEAD

(On September the fourth, 1929, a monument was erected on the highway near Halifax to the dead of the D'Anville Expedition.)

A H, gallantry was wasted and laid low
When D'Anville and his thousands
In their high sailing pride
Met hostile winds, and tempests,
And the last and grimmest foe.
They gave their stricken bodies to the pleasant seacrest land,
And their undaunted souls to God.
On their forgotten graves, the dying leaves have drifted,
The sighing snows have sifted,
Years and years;
And over them, the song-birds sing
In the green-golden canopies of spring.
But to-day, their memory is shrined in tenderness and beauty,
And made to live
A landmark on the road of time.

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THE CRUISE OF THE CASSIE-MAY

(True to Fact)

WITH blithesome hearts in breeze and sun The builders toiled each day Until a gallant vessel danced Upon the sunlit bay;

And the wine flowed sparkling on her deck
To the sound of voices gay
When the captain's little sister stood
And named her Cassie-May.

The winds and waves they favoured her To the port of Saint Pierre, And the Cassie-May and her sister ship Took on good cargo there.

Page Six

The captain to his brother said
As they walked their shipward way,
"I'd give what best I have to sail
For home with you to-day."

Seven tall sons his mother had, But none so dear as he, So lithe and straight and debonair, With eyes as blue as the sea.

His brother sailed under open skies With a fair wind on his track, But the captain of the Cassie-May Put out when clouds were black.

Oh, long may his mother watch and wait Ere ever again greets she The boy who was lithe and brave and straight, With eyes as blue as the sea.

Oh, long may his sisters on the shore In hopeful watching stand Ere ever again his white-winged ship Comes sailing to the strand.

Only the sun-bright waves can tell
As they dance to the reefèd sand
Why that good ship and her gallant crew
Will never come to land.

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

ASPIRIT has passed from the day, Passed on a breath, and away.

A spirit that gave his best
To life with its outstretched hands
And youth in its eagerness,
Then turned to his rest;

A spirit that vanquished fears, And wrested from bitterness And anguish unutterable A crown for the years;

A spirit that burned with rare, Generous love for friends, And shrined the memory of one Deathlessly fair;

A patriot he, and a soul Questing a country afar Beyond the uttermost star, Where was his goal.

Over now is the quest, With day, in the sun-bright west.

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A SONG OF SORROW

For BLISS CARMAN

THE ship is in the offing Upon the blue sea-rim; Its mast, against the azure, Dips in the distance dim.

It bears a gentle spirit
To sail with valiant grace
The infinity that girdles
This isle of time and space.

Page Eight

No more will his homeland listen For the music he used to sing; Not again will his song requicken To the magic of the spring.

Never more will his pulses kindle
At the glory of a tree
Flaming in gold and crimson
Like a torch of liberty;

Never more his friends may greet him On mellow days and rare When they meet to quaff earth's nectar And breathe the finer air;

But his voice will live forever
In golden melody
That can fill the sad with joyousness
And set the fettered free.

How dare another praise him,
The poet whose words fly
Like a flock of heavenly singing birds
In a summer sky?

His being was a rhythm,
In harmony, a part
Of the creative beating
Of the mighty Maker's heart.

Ah! sorrow be his eulogy,
And prayer on shining wing
Flutter with his dear soul
In its journeying.

VIRGO CLEMENS

VIRGIN most merciful, from your sky window
High above earth
Watching this little world swing through the universe,
Sadness and mirth
Chasing each other like shadow and sunshine
Round its green girth,
Smile on its sorrow and pity its happiness,
Lady of worth.

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ROSA MYSTICA

NCE there grew a gracious flower, Velvet smooth, and bright With chaliced light.
Its delicate petals hour by hour Gave fragrance to the air And under late summer skies Opened wide to show the rare Golden heart of the Rose of Paradise.

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JANUA COELI

THERE was a hush in heaven. The great God leaned Intent, His seraphs furled their mighty wings, And every gleeful cherub ceased his song, While Gabriel waited for a Maid's reply; But at her word, a voice of living joy Thrilled the still world, and through an open gate Came heaven's splendour to the earth disconsolate.

Page Ten

REGINA MARTYRUM

BY fiery death,
By the sharp sword,
By tortures manifold,
These entered in the glory of their Lord;
And as the ruby door swung wide,
Exultantly they cried
Upon the Mother of sorrows, their Queen glorified.

AGNUS DEI

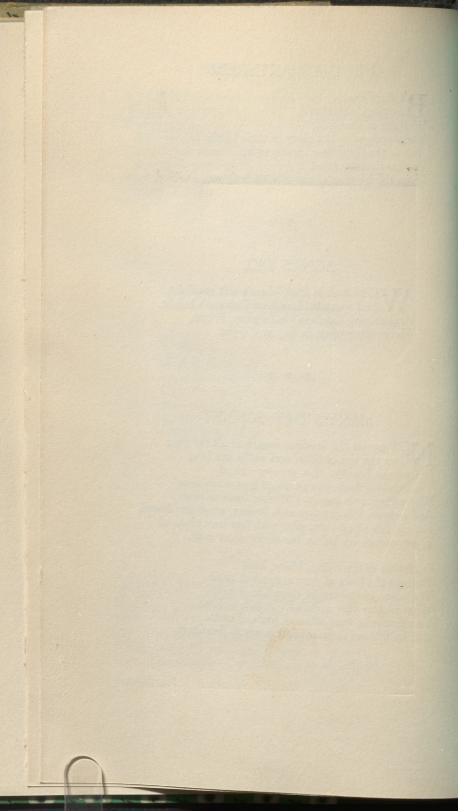
WEE Lamb in Bethlehem's soft starlight, And wounded Lamb on Calvary's height, And shining Lamb in God's glory, bright, Have mercy upon us day and night.

MARY'S DAY SONNET

* * *

NOW comes the loveliest month of all the year Over the rim of time, and walks the land In fragrant beauty. Lo, on every hand, The children flock, the people throng more near Where their own gracious Mother leans to hear And answer; like grass-strewn flowers, small and bland, Her medals gleam; and gifts with free love planned The generous lay before her shrine most dear.

O Mother of the living, Mary, hail! Beneath the light of your eyes what avail The pomp of riches and the pride of birth? What matter this world's little gain or loss? You gather in your arms all souls of earth And hold them to your heart beneath the Cross.



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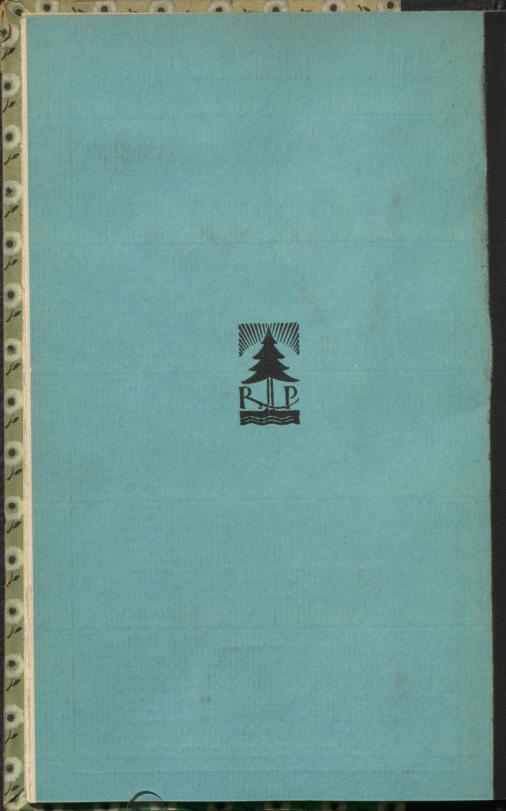
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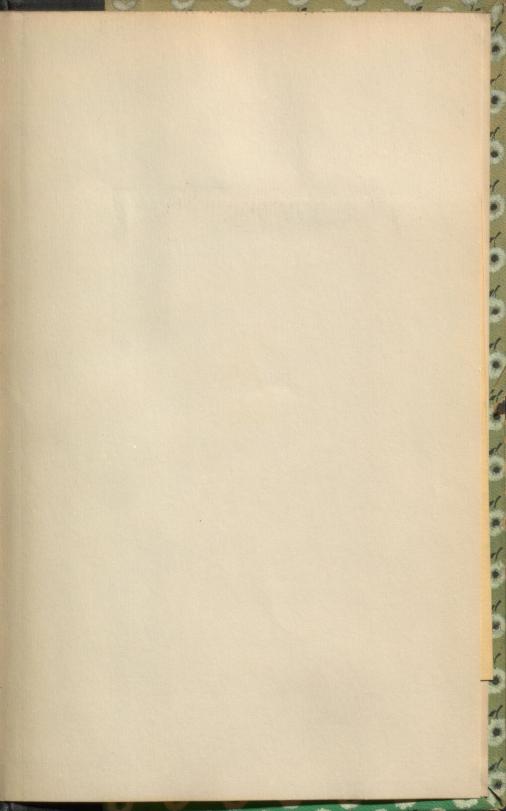
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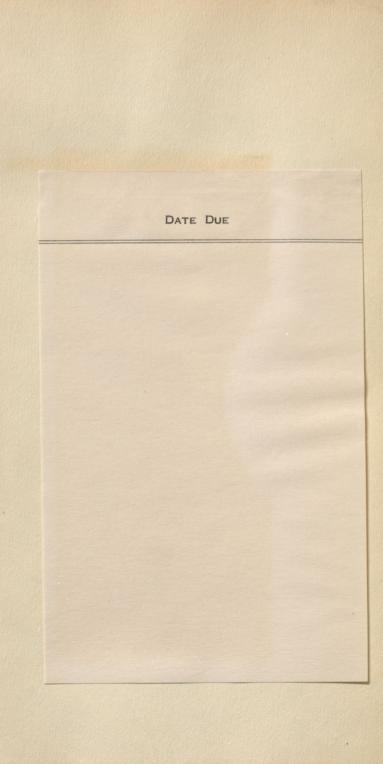
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